The laſt dying Words
OF
TOM PAINE,

Executed at the Gullotine in France
on the 1ſt of Sept. 1794,

WITH

A deſcription of the genuine Water
for converting the Jacobines.

Verſes on the Death of Paine,

AND

A Dialogue between a Jacobine and the Devil.

LONDON, PRINTED.

The Laſt Dying Speech

OF

Thomas Paine.

YE numerous ſpectators gathered around, pray give ear to my laſt words; I am determined to ſpeak the Truth in theſe my laſt moments, altho' I have writen, and ſpoke nothing but Lies all my life; and nothing can be truer than what I now ſay of myſelf, viz. that I have been always a notorious liar. I was born of mean parents, yet parents who never had the mean wicked deſinging principles, which have brought me to the Infamy I ſo richly deſerve. My parents lived and died honeſt, I have lived a diſhoneſt, and ſhameful life, and ſhall die like a wretch who has been the peſt of ſociety, and the interrupter of publick peace. I was bred a taylor, and it was my greateſt miſfortune ever to have got looſe from my beſt friends my bodkin, and ſheers, and my gooſe; but I had always a falſe pride united to my poverty, and pride, and poverty, are too often united; this pride led me to commence politician, ye upſtart ignorant, ſelf conceited coxcombs, beware how you commence politicians; and forſooth I muſt

be

be ſo vain, as to think a taylor, had a right to write the rights of man, but this in the end you ſee has tunred out a deviliſh bad plan; I was that villain in grain, that tho' I knew the goverment of England was a good one, and not to be mended, yet I muſt in the true ſpirit of lying, tell the world I could mend the goverment of Old England, I muſt pretend to write upon mending it too, oh! that inſtead of this I had ſtuck to mending an old coat, or an old pair of breeches. — oh, ye taylors ſtick to you buckram and canvas, and never follow the wicked devices of me thomas paine, for my tricks have been deviliſh, and I am afraid, I am now going to the devil for them.

I hope then you will all take warning by my fate, ſhun evil and corrupt company, and be particularly careful to avoid the company of thoſe deſperate raſcals the jacobines; there are ſome few of their damnable principles in every town and village of this kingdom: I will tell you how you may know them, they are proud and imperious like myſelf; they have no fortune, no reputation to loſe; they, like myſelf, are remarkably diſtinguiſhed by having empty pates, empty pockets, and black defigning countenances; they, like me, wiſh for changes in government, only to have an opportunity to plunder and rob their neighbours; avoid then thoſe ſerpents: I here openly own that a highway robber is a far more reputable character

racter than any of thoſe gentry, or than myſelf.—ſtand up for your king and conſtitution: this is the only way to live happily and to die comfortably: this is the way to avoid the end I am here come to, oh! that I had ſtuck to my ſtitching, and for theſe curſed politics had never had an itching.

Sure never was taylor ſo fairly done over,
Oh! done over Taylor,
Sure never was taylor ſo juſtly done over.

Now to be had at the Reformation Pump, ——,

The Neat and Genuine WATER for converting the Jacobines,

This Water has ſuch effect upon them, that it makes them ſing God ſave brave George our King. and D — the French Convention. it muſt be made uſe of in the following manner; — the Jacobin muſt be taken to the pump, and according to his age, ſo long he muſt be pumpt upon, and then drink one gallon of purging liquid; and if his diſorder is not got into his bones, this will be a certain cure; for this experiment was tried on Three Jacobins the other day at Nottingham, who in a ſhort time went away ſinging God ſave the King; many hundreds can teſtify the happy effects of this wonderful preſcription, for it intirely eradicates evry obſcene and diſaffected thought from their minds.

But

But if his disorder ſhould return, or that Tom Pain's diſtemper has got into his Bones, he muſt be taken to a tan Pit and dipt three times, and then tanned and feathered ; —— this is a Certain Cure when all others have failed ; they then will deny the devil and all his works, and D——— Tom Paine and all his words, and then will ſing, " God ſave Great George our King, and bleſs all his loyal ſubjects ;" one of which he now is by virtue of this water, and which he now recommends to all his brother jacodins, that they may come to this purgine pump, and be purged from their iniquities, and die good loyal ſubeicts to their King and country.

N. B. ſeveral hundred groſe of glaſs bottles are wanted to bottle off ſome of this water, in order for exportation to Sheffield, and other places. any perſon who would wiſh to contract for the above quantity, many by applying at the change pump, any time between the hours of ten and two o'clock, where they may ſee the propoſals. No Jacobins will be treated with : it is expected Stourbridge and dudley will have large orders.

Verſes on the Death of Paine.

Stung deep with pride, to work I ſet my pen,
To write the common ſenſe and rights of man ;
Falſehood I cloth'd with art in truth's attire,
In hopes to ſet the nations all on fire ;

In

In which I had too great ſucceſs 'tis known,
As my grim lord, king Pluto yet will own.
I right made wrong, and wrong I ſaid was right,
To puſh the Yankies to their utmoſt might;
This plan took place, thouſands on all ſides fell
A victim to my ſchemes, and craft of hell;
I valu'd not thoſe ſcenes, nor ſlaughter's field,
So it a high lucrative poſt cou'd yield:
Of this I miſt——inflam'd with envious pride,
I croſt the Atlantic to Europa's ſide;
To fam'd Britannia's land I came at laſt,
And like a ſerpint forth my venom caſt,
My books I ſold, diſperſt the nation round,
And for ſome time encouragement I found:
But ſoon my writings loſt their thin diſguiſe,
And honeſt Britons opened their eyes;
The King and conſtitution ſo approv'd,
Subjects ſo loyal they could not be mov'd;
Some few there was, and thoſe were few indeed,
Could riſle bags, and ſee the owners bleed:
So finding none maintain'd my cauſe at laſt,
But of the nation was the mere outcaſt:
Britain I left, on Gallia's land did tread,
Wherein my cauſe has great improvement made;
But O what work thoſe butch'ring cut throats then
Did make with innocent and harmleſs men;
Women, and children, ſhocking to relate,
To glut themſelves with blood, ſhar'd the ſame fate
Here low ambition, not regarding toil,

Slew

Slew their ſuperiors, to devide the ſpoil:
And, Satan like, moſt ſubtle of all brutes,
Excell'd in cruelties, beyond diſputes,
But O I dread the fatal day not paſt,
When I muſt give account for all at laſt;
My darling writings I ſo much eſteem'd,
Witneſs my crimes, guilty of death I'm deem'd:
Good people warning take by my ſad fall,
Poor Tom ſtands charged with the blood of all.
This makes my blood to chill through every vein,
To think what will become of poor Tom Pain:
Unleſs grim Pluto favourable be,
Poor Tom is loſt, is loſt to all eternity.

A Dialogue between a Jacobine and he Devil.

JACOBINE,—Pleaſe your Holineſs I am come to beg of you to accept me into your Kingdom.

Devil.—Where do you come from?

Jac.—I came from Nottingham.

Devil.——Has there not been a riot there, what is it for?

Jac.——O pleaſe your holineſs, the Loyaliſts have got the better of the Jacobines, and we have loſt our Fire-arms and ammunition, and pitt with crew has got the poſſeſſion of the Jacobin writings, which has prevented

us from putting our design into execution. *Devil.*—What is the reason you Jacobins rebel against so good a king and such a mild government.

Jac.———We will have no King, Lords, nor Commons, nor laws but such as we will make ourselves.

Devil.—Nor will I ever suffer such rebels as you Jacobins are to come into my Kingdom ; for as you will not have a King to rule over you, I must soon expect to be dethroned and lose my head ; get you gone, I hate to see the face of a Jacobine: Imps, hear, take care that you never suffer a Jacobine to come into my Kingdom.

Jac.—O! Alas! how hard is my fate, must I return back to be a laughing stock to both old and young. I will repent and go to the Reformation Pump, down on my knees and pray and sing God bless the King, my heart will then be at rest and my mind at ease.

10 JU 52

THE END.